



HENRY McNEISH
Ship's carpenter

Henry McNeish's Journey

This is the proudest moment of my life. I am on an exciting expedition with Shackleton. It scares me, I have an important role on the ship, it may be me who has to step up and save the ship. This is my maiden voyage and I am delighted that I can share it with my idol, Shackleton. Most of my life, I have been waiting for an exploit like this. According to Lenored Hussey it will be crisp but I do not trust him or his devices. I sit below deck listening to the others cheer. I assume we have entered the Weddell Sea. I feel the tension between myself and the crewmates and most of this Journey I have stayed away from them, I know none of them like me but I do not care. I like being alone.

As I wake up from my nap, I hear the muffled cry from the look-out.

This makes me quite apprehensive so I decide to venture my way up to the deck. I notice William Bakewell has a nervous look spreading across his face. My stomach lurched. I choose to look for myself to see what he was worrying about, I perilously lean over-board. I see ice being carried by the waves.

I see the crewmembers trying to hide the fact that they are worried. I head over to James Wardie-



I see tears streaming down his stricken face - and tell him he will be alright

if he just calms down. The ship shuddered. I turn to gather the equipment with Louis Rickinson, I go and search for holes while he heads Journeys to the engineers workshop. The ship stopped. I fell down and hit my head but

I have to carry on. I hear screams and someone shouts we are stuck. all the hope drains out of my. The endurance is desperate.





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Henry Mcneish's journey.

The Weddell sea journey, before setting off into the riddle, I stood on deck, the air was crisp and the sky was of an unbelievable blue. After beginning the journey a few unexpected gusts of wind send a shiver down my spine. The crew's spirits seem high, but I am below deck and rarely see many people. I've been a carpenter for 13 years now and this is my 7th long journey, but my very first expedition.

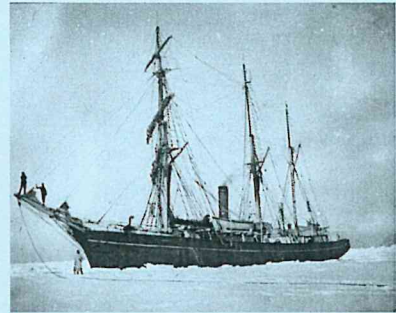
I hear a muffled shout above me on deck. There is almost; it sounds like is a stampede above.

Something knocks the boat forcing it to sway, while the boat is ~~sway~~ rocking I slice my finger looks like I'll be seeing the surgeon again.

I peered out my window to see ice surrounding and picking away at the ice boat. I leave my workshop, and head up to deck. Ernest jogs over to and explains how I need to go to the bowels and repair the ~~repair~~ damage. I'm now concerned I look over the sides of the ship.

the ice was closing in and enlarging at the minute I quickly head to my workshop to take my trusty saw. I arrive at the bowels and the ice is getting more bulky. More and more cracks appear, after 3 hours at the bowels my arms are starting to gorge.

The ice is ramming the boat. It is pushing the bowels to their limits, I can't do much to help it, the crew head out with saws to try and free the endurance from the ice, but ice refuses.



The boat is immovable. Everyone puts their best efforts to pry of the ice's grip.

We're still trying late at night and the temperatures drop below freezing. How long can we survive? Will we survive?

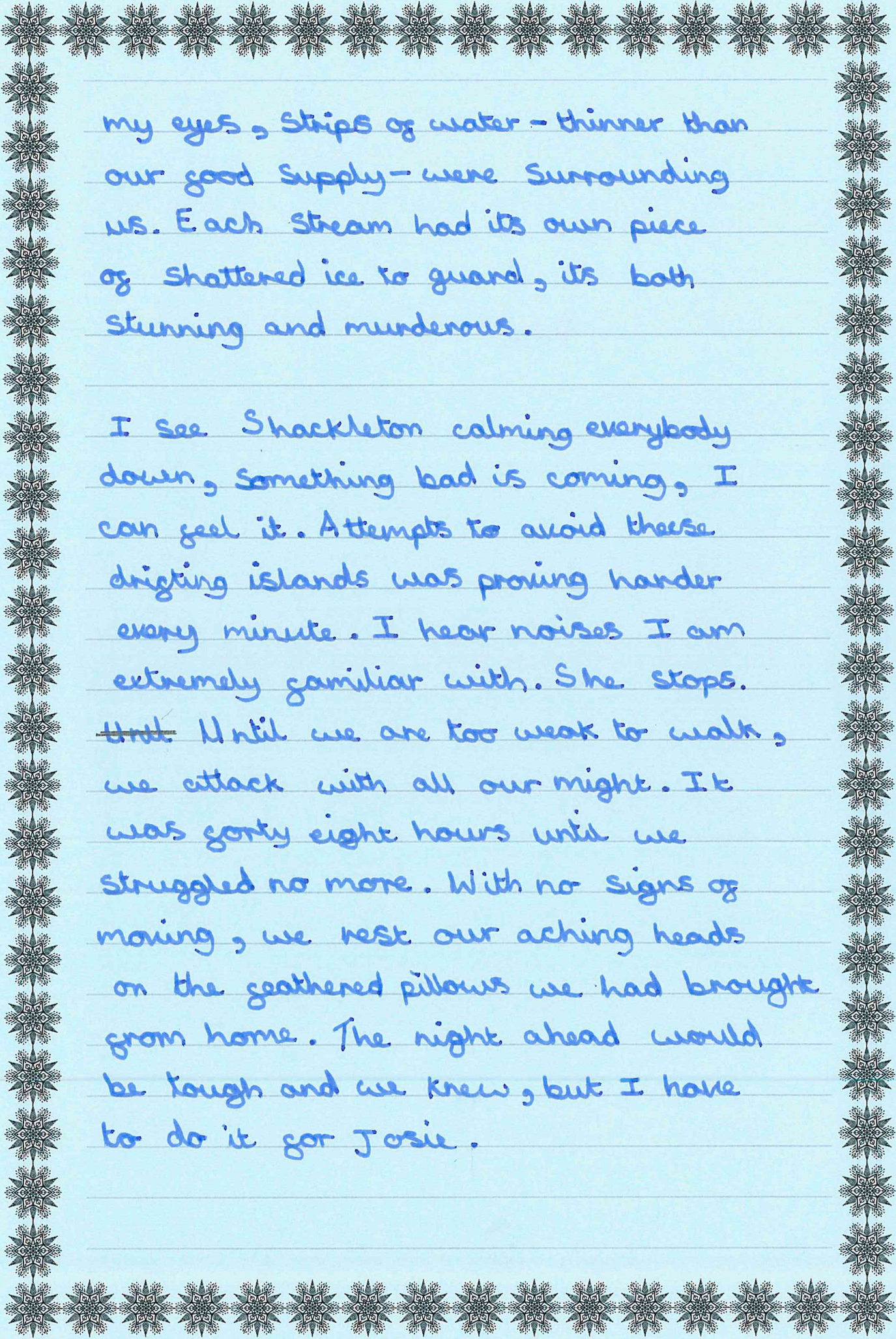


FRANK WILD
Second-in-command

Frank Wild's journey

Looking around, you will see me entering the periphery of the Weddel Sea, reloading Josie (my head heart). Outside I can see the sky is blushing with happiness but the cold breeze attempts to take over. I look forward to the voyage ahead but on my last journey before retirement I was wished to be first-in-command. Seventeen long years as a sailor but now, my glory years are over; however, I see hope in Earnest's eyes. I pray he never has to experience the danger I have seen.

As I emerge onto her magnificent deck, I hear distant shouts. As they get closer and closer, I realise that they were pack ice reports. Like a cat on a hot tin roof, I stumble to the birch-wood ladder leading to the crow's nest. When up there, I could not believe



my eyes, strips of water - thinner than our good supply - were surrounding us. Each stream had its own piece of shattered ice to guard, its both stunning and murderous.

I see Shackleton calming everybody down, something bad is coming, I can feel it. Attempts to avoid these drifting islands was proving harder every minute. I hear noises I am extremely familiar with. She stops. ~~Until~~ Until we are too weak to walk, we attack with all our might. It was forty eight hours until we struggled no more. With no signs of moving, we rest our aching heads on the feathered pillows we had brought from home. The night ahead would be tough and we knew, but I have to do it for Josie.



GEORGE MARSTON
Expedition artist

George Marston's Journey

We just made it to the edge of the Weddell Sea, that is wet and humid. I am currently stationed on the crow's nest, looking out for incredible scenes and views to paint them. The atmosphere is damp and miserable even though it is sunny, there is still cold winds. Even though I have been an artist for eleven years, I am still scared if we sink and anxious and sad to be leaving my beloved family behind. It is a life time of an opportunity because it is my first time going under the equator, and I am excited to see the amazing views, that not many people see.

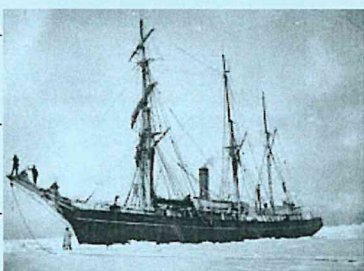
It is a privilege to be going on a voyage with Ernest Shackleton the amazing quick witted man. I hope I make some new sociable and intelligent friends on board the Endurance too.

As I am observing through my cabin window, I noticed that the air was



changing. I can see the compacted ice crawling closer and closer and I can hear deafening cracks and groans. This is making me really terrified. On the top of the deck the lookout yelled "ice!" Immediately I thought we are going to sink. The temperature was cold but to me it was boiling because I was so anxious.

The ice is beginning to become much thicker clumps of ice. The ship is shaking slowly. I am not an expert but I know something is not right. My perseverance is deteriorating every second. The extreme weather, below -0°C but I still accompany the other men to saw at the ice to try to separate it. I am giving it everything I have got but the pressure is too much. It



is like war with the ice. We shall see who can conquer each other. There is no use, we still are properly anchored to the ice. It is making me really worried because we are thousands of miles from home. It has finally come to the point when our

Strength is not enough and
we are stuck. It is too late
to turn our voyage around
now.



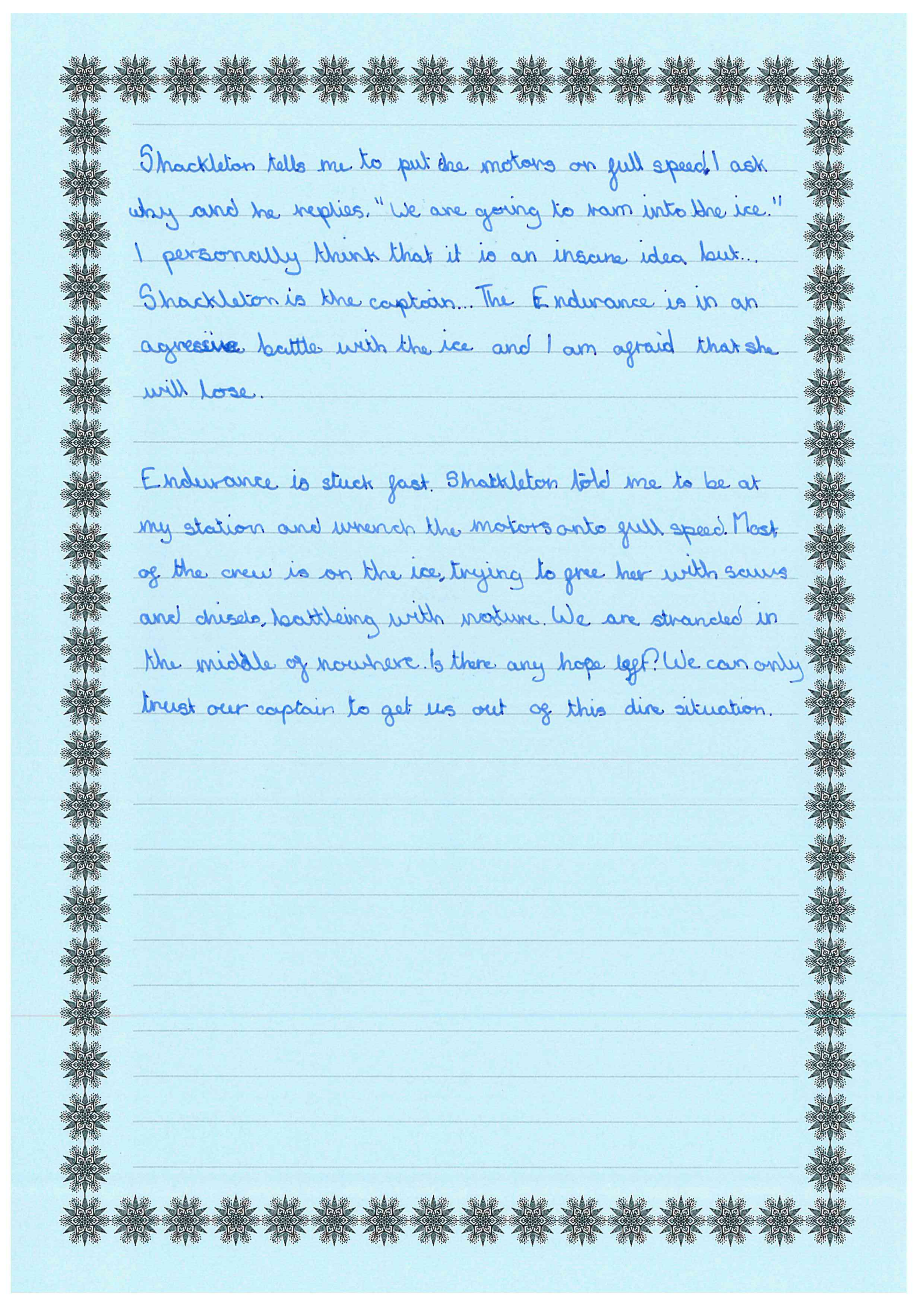


THOMAS ORDE-LEES
Motor expert and storekeeper.

Thomas Orde-Lees Journey

As we reached the periphery of the Weddell Sea, the weather is calm and crisp, the sea crystal clear. A cool wind blows silently in my face, as I walk down into my workspace to check if the motors are functioning properly. I have been on many a ship before and am confident that my experience will be sufficient on this voyage to keep the ship operating with precision. I am excited for this once-in-a-lifetime journey and feel privileged to have been chosen. As well as being excited, I have mixed feelings. Shackleton told me not to, but I cannot help worrying that supplies will run out. Whilst doing work, I am always thinking of my family. Again, Shackleton told me not to, but I cannot help it.

I have just finished checking the motors when I heard a muffled shout from the crew's nest. "INCOMING ICE!" I sprint up onto the deck. Then I saw it. Ice. I have never seen anything like it before... fear seeps through us, spreading from man to man. It seems unreal... but it is. It really is.



Shackleton tells me to put the motors on full speed. I ask why and he replies, "We are going to ram into the ice." I personally think that it is an insane idea but... Shackleton is the captain... The Endurance is in an aggressive battle with the ice and I am afraid that she will lose.

Endurance is stuck fast. Shackleton told me to be at my station and wrench the motors onto full speed. Most of the crew is on the ice, trying to free her with saws and chisels, battling with nature. We are stranded in the middle of nowhere. Is there any hope left? We can only trust our captain to get us out of this dire situation.



THOMAS McLEOD
Able seaman

Thomas McLeod's Journey

I see thin blocks of ice and they are gently bumping into the ship. At the same time the lookout is yelling that the ice is increasing in size. I am beginning to monitor the ice ahead. The hovering blocks of ~~ice~~ frozen liquids is approaching. I am starting to report my worries about the ^{pack} ice. I continued to watch the Endurance carry on.

Antarctic ice is getting a stronger grip on the Endurance. There shall be a battle with the ice. The ship's hull is beginning to break, the stairway has a ~~big~~ large hole in the side, about 20 cm wide. The Endurance is anchored onto the bitter ice, as the ice continues to solidify. everyone but Shackleton and the dogs are having a go at the ice with picks, and at the same time the crew hopes ^{side away}.



ROBERT CLARK
Expedition biologist

Robert Clark's Journey

As I am in my cabin, the door slowly creaks open by a slight breeze, so I grab my jumper my grandmother knitted me and my put it on. But soon after, I hear Walter How yell from the crew's rest.

"Huge ice blocks approaching."

His giant voice calls in my ear. I inside my cabin, I see a ^{small} microscopic hole, through which I notice huge ice blocks sneaking closer and closer. I thought he was joking (he is a good joker) but he ~~was~~ is telling the truth.

Tamer Wordie runs down the cabin deck stairs

"Look out huge ice blocks approaching."

speed-walking to Ernest Shackleton's deck.

I worry to myself in my head

"NO, we can not be ^{stuck? I am not} finished doing all my research I need more time."

As I look back into the hole, the ice was not two or three yards away. It was more like six inches. I stop my research to talk to Mc Neish. He said "Robert everything is ok I have got all of it under control."

I calm down go back to my cabin and finished mostly half of my research. But it gets colder and colder so I put my scarp on, then my worries tremble even more. The ice hits the boat, Endurance rocks.



WILLIAM BAKEWELL
PERCY BLACKBORROW
Able seaman & Stowaway

Some thing is out there
biter and cold. I can feel
little bumps rocking the
ship side to side. I cant see
what its out of my little
room I cant even peek, I can't

be seen, I can't be noticed. I must stay
undetected what ever the cost what ever out
there I know its getting bigger and stronger,
more thretring than ever before.

What do I do? I need to get out of here! In
a matter of hours, the ship is going to be under water
by the mighty ice. I need to wait for the
opportunity to be laid down in front of me.
I need to try not to encounter one of the crew
members, the ship is slowing but it is still
fighting on, on like a battle ship. The temperature
is dropping. now the ship is stopped dead just
like a soldier in battle. I need to get off this
ship. come on Percy its life or death corner
whats the worst they will do to me I need
to do this now or just do it they might not see you.



CHARLES GREEN
Ship's cook

Charles Green Journey.

I have just arrived at the Weddell Sea and I am really excited to meet Shackleton, but I am missing my relatives already. It is my very first voyage and I am happy to make new crewfriends. I have been a cook for 9 years and I am scared that we do not have enough food for the crew. I am proud to be with the captain for 16 months. I work in the Galleys and when Endurance moves, the food moves with it. It is sunny but the air is crisp

I hear the lookout shouting that ice is coming our way. Down in the Galleys, the windows started to freeze. The Endurance is crashing into small blocks of ice. Doctor Alexander Macklin was in the crows nest and he was yelling, "The ice is getting worse." Large chunks of ice is bumping into the Endurance. The ship is rocking side to side. The ice is getting chuncker and more solid. The Endurance is getting weaker and weaker.

The Endurance is battling on and the ice is getting thicker and thicker. The ship is now anchored in the ice, all the crew members get there equipments to make the ice come away from the Endurance. I am really scared that we will not make it back, this might be our last goodbye. The temperature ~~was~~ is getting lower and lower (-2°C). Ice is forming on the ship and it is harder to move. A few hours go past, the crew is still trying to get the Endurance to move and the ship is moving but, very slowly.



The Endurance is stuck. We can not move a tiny bit. It is difficult to move. Our equipment is getting stuck in the pack ice. The crew members are starting to think that we will not make it back. Will we ever get out from the ship?